

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JAN. 25, 1858.

NO. 18.

The Poet's Corner.

From the *Norfolk Register*.

"And call this improvement?"—See
Campbell's "Lines on revisiting a Scottish
river."

Let who will lament improvement,
Come what may, I never will;

On, say I, to every movement
Of innovation, art or skill;

Man's insatiable, ardent spirit
Was not made for standing still;

Not the living powers that stir it,
Must have egress—must and will!

What though dams and dykes encumber
Torrents in their foaming pride?

What though railways without number
Seam the land from side to side?

All improvements—all inventions,
Send 'em, enlarge the mind of man—

Who would balk their high intentions?

Who would check their glorious plan?

Who would mourn in doleful ditties,
Deserts planted, wilds subdued?

Who would grieve that stately cities
Stand where trackless forests stood?

Who would say that Art, victorious,
Drives nature from the field,

When, through Art's discoveries glorious,
More of Nature's stores are revealed?

Mark the Chemist's wondrous stories,
Teaching Nature's secret plan;

Mark the Lightning's startling mysteries,
Made the stars and sport of man;

See the shadow's fleeting vision
Indefinitely impressed—

Who, save God, shall pass decision
Where the grasp of man shall rest?

'Tis a false, fantastic sorrow
That would check improvement's way,

And would sigh to read to-morrow
As far back as yesterday!

Oh, say I, sublime improvement!
On your destined course fulfill—

On for every mighty movement
Points us to a mightier still!

The Story Book.

By KATE DOUGLAS.

OR THE SCHOOL MISTRESS IN DISGUISE.

CHAPTER I.

"She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's good and beautiful and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

Well might this have been said of
Kate Douglas, for a more bewitching
beauty was seldom if ever seen. Her
eyes were of the darkest hazel, whose
ever-varying expression were the im-
press of her soul. Her hair of the jet-
test black, she wore simply parted over
her forehead and tastefully arranged,
displaying the finely moulded features
to the best advantage.

She was a tall, splendid figure, and
walked with a queenly grace. She was
the last of the noble and wealthy family
of the Douglases, and the immense
estate belonging to the different branches
of the family were concentrated in her
hands. At the time our history commences
she was but eighteen, had just completed
her extensive education, and was one of
the most accomplished ladies in London.

As the sole heir of a wealthy family,
she was the most brilliant star in the
large circle in which she moved, and as
such was courted and flattered by all.

But not the ardent vows and vehement
expressions of her wealthy suitors could
win the heart of our fair heroine; she
too well knew that the greatest attraction
was her wealth, and deprived of that
she would be deprived of their attention.

Kate Douglas possessed, besides her
many attractions, a heart of uncommon
loveliness, and virtues of the rarest
quality. Her warm and affectionate
heart was disgusted with the cold
formalities of a city life, and determined
to seek in some retired spot, happi-
ness which a child raised in the city
knows little of, and where she would be
loved for herself alone.

CHAPTER II.

But come with me, reader, to the re-
tired village of N—, about one hun-
dred miles from London. Just in the
outskirts of the village, half hidden by
the foliage which surrounds it, is a
beautiful white cottage. Let us with-
out an intrusion, take a peep within—

There seated in the midst of a youthful
group of happy faces, is a young lady,
whose face, I think, is somewhat fami-
liar. Yes, this is Kate Douglas; when
we last saw her, she was the belle of the
highest circle in London, admired and
flattered by all. She carried her de-
termination into effect, and sought hap-
piness in training the minds of a few in-
nocent girls, devoting her time and
talents to their education.

Although in this new sphere of use-
fulness and natural worth, she came
nearly to her idea of happiness, yet the
reality was not within her grasp.

There is a great want within every
human heart, which is alone to be sat-
isfied by love and affection. "Love is our
being and our aim." So fearful was
Kate of losing this best of Heaven's
gifts, by the deception of some heartless
fortune hunter, that she decided to lay
aside all the advantages of fortune and
affluence, and depend alone on her nat-
ural gifts and graces of character to at-
tract and secure the affections of one
who was destined to become her future
husband.

Under a disguised name, attired in a
simple dress, suited to her situation—
which cannot, however, conceal her
superior graces—she has won the
heart of a young man, who by her am-
iable and faithful services, has become
her devoted admirer.

"How wonderful," and the recollection of
the many and generous acts in the un-
folding scene of her loving and be-
loved pupil.

Select Miscellany.

Ab Ashley's Post in Melon Stealing.

Ab Ashley, was a real live Hoosier,
notorious for everything in general,
and stealing melons, in particular. In
melon time he was the dread of the
whole neighborhood, for when he visited
a patch, he made it a rule never to
leave until it was entirely destroyed.

This was a singular trait in his charac-
ter—something unaccountable—for,
aside from that, he was considered one
of the best fellows in the world. Steal-
ing melons, and plundering patches,
seemed to be part of his nature, for it
was evident that it did not arise from
any niggardly disposition or selfish mo-
tives. He was a real open hearted
kind of individual, always growing more
melons than anybody else, and giving
them away more freely than anybody
else. They were no object to him, and
yet he could not resist the temptation
to steal from his neighbors, just for the
fun of the thing. But as some one said,
"It is a long lane that has no turn;"
and likewise had Ab followed the prac-
tice of stealing melons all his life he
would have got to be a melon thief of
long standing. But such a state of
things was not destined to last away—
"A change came over the spirit of
his dream."

I recollect once, in melon
season, some youngsters called at Ab's
house, and after telling him of the fine
patch that Deacon Aikens had, propos-
ed to visit it. He was on hand without
a moment's hesitation, and so the com-
pany set out as soon as it was fairly
dark—Before proceeding further, I
may say of Ab, in the language of the
poet, "He loved whiskey," as well as
he did melons, and the boys in whose
company he was, having looked to the
future and brought along a bountiful
supply of the "good critter," he was soon
enjoying himself hugely. Round and
round went the bottle. They soon
got to be very merry—so much so that
apparently they paid no attention to
road or path, but went right through
the woods and brush, the same as if they
had been walking on a hard floor. At
length, after winding about in various
ways, and overcoming many obstacles,
such as fallen trees and worm fences,
that lay in their route, they arrived at
the patch and pitched over the enclo-
sure. Ye gods what a sight! There
lay the huge melons, so thick that our
adventurers could scarcely walk for
them. There lay great mealy "red
cores," apparently calling out in their
own language, "Arise, slouch and eat!"
They were none of your little, long
"wizzed up" things, such as find their
way to the market stands, and which
one would suppose had fallen from the
vine in a fit of the "blue devils," but
they were great, plump, jolly, good na-
tured fellows, many of which were al-
ready showing their red interior, having
apparently burst their sides with laugh-
ter. Ab was right in his glory, and, so
bawling out his jack-knife he fell to
slashing around with a vengeance.
The others followed his example, and
very soon there was sad havoc in the
melon patch.

Having satisfied his appetite, Ab
set to stamping and crushing all that
came in his way.

The other boys hesitated to partici-
pate at first, arguing that it was really
too bad to tread the old deacon in such
a manner; but Ab swore that it was
really good enough for the old hypo-
crite, and he would not leave as long
as there was a melon with a whole hide.
Finding there was no stopping him,
they lent a hand to the performance,
and very soon every melon was destroy-
ed; not only that, but the vines were
pulled and heaped in one corner of the
patch.

"Now," said Ab, mounting the pile,
which was some five or six feet high,
"give me the black bottle, and let me
drink the old deacon's health—that
good man in honor of whom we have
just erected this monument."

The bottle was passed up and Ab
began—

"Deacon Aikens—may he live to plant
many a patch like this, and Ab Ashley
and his friends have the honor of har-
vesting it for 'em."

Hats went round three times, after
which the bottle started, and made a
like number of revolutions.

"Now fetch me that polo yonder,
till I erect a standard, to show that
man has been to the summit, and the
work will be completed," said Ab.

The polo was brought, and after tear-
ing a strip off an old cotton handker-
chief, and attaching it to the end
of the pole, Ab stuck it up in the
pile of vines, dismounted, and all start-
ed for home. In a space of time truly
incredible, they arrived at Ab's resi-
dence. Ab pressed his friends to stay
till morning, but they would not hear
it. Some pressing business of course
prevented, and so they set out, leaving
him to snooze off the effects of bad whis-
key.

Early next morning, Ab Ashley was
aroused from his sound slumber by one
of his little sons running to his bed
and calling out, "Papa, papa, papa! Got
up, quick—quicker! Some 'uns hooked
all or—' water melons."

"What?" exclaimed Ab.

"Why—some—some—some 'uns hooked
all or water melons, an—' an—' mashed
'em up!"

Ab arose cursing and swearing, vow-
ing that he'd find some clue by which
to identify the villains, and then they
might look out for rough times. Ab
went to the patch—what a sight! pre-
sented itself not a whole melon, nor
even a vine was left—all met a total
destruction.

"Where's a thander and lightning!"
I have been last night, that I didn't
hear the infernal villains! It's lucky

The Case of James P. Donnelly.

The hideous atrocity recently enacted
at Freehold, New Jersey, of strangling
the unfortunate victim of religious big-
otry and political fanaticism, is start-
ling the public mind in every direction,
like a thunder-bolt from a cloudless
sky. A thrill of horror has been ex-
perienced by every individual in the
community, that possesses a spark of
humanity or generosity. The past an-
nals of barbarism and injustice, replete
as they are with the most frightful in-
stances of cruelty and wrong, contain
nothing more hideous and revolting
than this late judicial murder in the
State of New Jersey.

That James P. Donnelly was wholly
innocent of the foul crime alleged against
him, we fully and unhesitatingly be-
lieve. It is against all human probabili-
ties that Donnelly committed the act,
nor was there a particle of satisfactory
evidence adduced upon the trial that he
did. The Know Nothing Judge, whose
name ought to be hereafter supplied
with that of Jeffries, and other pitiless
men who have disgraced the judicial
embrace—this political judge had pro-
nounced sentence of guilt upon poor
Donnelly before he was tried. On the
trial, he strained every faculty to pro-
cure a verdict of guilty. His whole
course during the trial, his admission of
evidence against the accused, and his
rejection of evidence in his favor, and
his final charge to the jury, mark him
as utterly unfit for the station he holds.

The other assistant prosecuting At-
torney, besides Judge Freidenberg, the
Hon. Mr. Day, the late Black Repub-
lican candidate for Vice-President, was
exceedingly unfair and unjust to-
wards the prisoner during the trial—
Nay, more—he so far forgot all the
rules even of common decency and pro-
priety, as to go out of his way and
make disparaging remarks in relation
to Donnelly's father and sisters. Shame
on the man who could attack defence-
less women, under such distressing cir-
cumstances!

The jury, too, had evidently prejudged
the case before they heard the evi-
dence. They partook of the fanatical
spirit of persecution against Donnelly,
because he was an Irish Catholic, and
a believer in the Catholic religion.

They were strongly influenced also by
the partial, one-sided, and outrageously
unjust charge of Judge Freidenberg.

But among all the bigoted fanatics,
this unholy combination of Know Noth-
ings and Black Republicans, Governor
Newell occupies the least enviable po-
sition. After pledging himself to Don-
nelly's father and friends, that if his
case should come before him in any way,
he would not stand in the way of his
being set at liberty, he violated his word
of honor, because, as he said to his
neighbors, it might render him unpopu-
lar. So the Know Nothing, Black
Republican Governor measures acts by
their popularity, and not by their jus-
tice and propriety! No man ever sunk
into insignificance and obscurity more
suddenly than will this popularity-seek-
ing Governor Newell. The blood of an
innocent man stains his garments as
well as the mantle of Judge Freiden-
berg.

The whole matter lay with Governor
Newell. The Court of Pardons stood
four in favor of Donnelly, to three
against him, without the vote of this
fine-serving politician. If he had not
voted, Donnelly would have been free;
if he had voted in accordance with
his previous pledge, the case would have
been still more clearly decided. We
would not exchange situations with the
Judge who forced the verdict, and the
Governor who violated his pledged
word, for the whole State of New Jer-
sey. A voice will whisper in their ears
to the end of their lives, you have done
a murder!

Who was James P. Donnelly? He
was born of Irish parents, in Warren,
State of New York. His father died
that he should be educated for a Catho-
lic priest, but the son, not degrading
himself by such a low and unbecom-
ing profession, declined to enter holy orders—
It was not to the discussion
between them so often studied, and
not because the son had Protestant pro-
clivities. He was educated at the Catho-
lic College at Georgetown, D. C., and
was well known and highly respected
in Washington City. He became a sur-
geon and physician by profession, and
during the prevalence of the yellow
fever at Norfolk, Virginia, a few years
ago, he generously volunteered his pro-
fessional services in behalf of the suf-
ferers by that fearful epidemic. He al-
ways moved in good society in Wash-
ington, and was engaged to be married
to the beautiful daughter of one of the
most estimable citizens of that metropoli-
s.

The terrible blow was given with
overpowering force upon her gentle
heart, as it has upon his venerable
father, who now lies at the point of
death. His sisters are married respect-
ably in the city of New York, and ex-
hibited unwearied devotion to him to
the last.

One of his sisters last summer, being
by an advertisement that a book-keeper
was wanted at the Sea View House,
urged her brother to apply for the posi-
tion, as it was a respectable one, and
—as was there was no obstacle
committed. His friends advised him to
leave after the crime was committed,
as the religious prejudice against him
so strong on account of his father's
he resolutely refused to do so, and he
would look like a traitor if he remained,
and he was murdered accordingly to law.

Can any one in his sober senses be-
lieve for a moment, that a young man
who had always led an upright and
moral life, had always worked for the
most responsible position, would be
patriotism of fifty-five dollars, when he
a fool and deliberate murderer? He
could not be. This fact, we doubt not,
will be clearly revealed by his case, and
perfectly established. When the peri-
od arrives, heaven have mercy upon
those who have been instrumental in
shedding his blood.

Wm. Cook, a young man, who had
escaped from what was called a prison
in New York, was arrested in New Jer-
sey, and was taken to the State Prison
at New Jersey, and was kept in the
prison for some time, and was then
released.

Henry Moore, a young man, who
was arrested in New Jersey, and was
taken to the State Prison at New Jersey,
and was kept in the prison for some
time, and was then released.

Who would not believe that they
were innocent of the crime?

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JOB WORK }
JOB WORK }
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Blank Deeds, &c.
COMMON DEEDS, (single and double acknowledgment,) and Deeds for Executors and Administrators with the will annexed, just printed, on superior paper and with new type, at the Court House. Summons, Subpoenas, Bonds, &c., also on hand and for sale.
Dec. 21, 1857.

Edward McIntire,
SURVEYOR for the county of Adams,
Office in Liberty township. Post-Office address, Emmitsburg, Md.
Nov. 10, 1857.

J. Lawrence Hill, M. D.
HAS his office one door west of the Lutheran church in Chambersburg street, and opposite Pickering's store, where those wishing to have any Dental Operation performed are respectfully invited to call. Dr. H. Hill, Dr. D. Horner, Rev. C. P. Kruth, D. D. Rev. H. L. Baughner, D. D. Rev. Prof. M. Jacobs, Rev. M. L. Stever.
(Gettysburg, April 11, '55.)

D. McConaughy,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, (office one door west of Buehler's drug and book store, Chambersburg street.) ATTORNEY AND SOLLICITOR FOR PATENTS AND PENSIONS. Bounty Land Warrants, Back pay, and all other claims against the Government at Washington, D. C.; also American Claims in England. Land Warrants located and sold, or bought, and highest prices given. Agents engaged in locating warrants in Iowa, Illinois and other western States. Apply to him personally or by letter.
Gettysburg, Nov. 21, 1857.

Edward B. Buehler,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, will faithfully and promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. He speaks the German language. Office at the same place, in South Baltimore street, near Farnum's drug store, and nearly opposite Buehler & Ziegler's store.
Gettysburg, March 20.

Wm. B. McClellan,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,—Office on the south side of the public square, 2 doors west of the Sentinel office.
Gettysburg, August 22, 1853.

Hanover B. Railroad.
TRAINS over the Hanover Branch Railroad now run as follows:
First Train leaves Hanover at 9 A. M., with passengers for York, Harrisburg, Columbia, and Philadelphia. This train also connects with the Express for Baltimore, arriving there at 12 M.
Second Train leaves at 1 P. M., with passengers for Baltimore and intermediate places, and returns with passengers from York, &c.
J. LEIB, Agent.
Nov. 30, 1857.

New Firm.
The undersigned have purchased the Grocery Store of E. H. MINNIGH, on the Northwest corner of the Diamond, formerly occupied by A. B. Kutz, where they will continue the attention of all who may wish Groceries, Confections, Fruit, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Salt, Starch, Soda, Spice of all kinds, Lemons, Figs, Almonds, &c. Also, a large assortment of chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, &c. Country Produce taken in exchange for Goods.
WM. BOYER & SON.
September 7, 1857.

If You
WANT to buy Ladies' Dress Goods at cost, call at GEORGE ARNOLD'S, where you can buy
25 cent M. Dolines at 14¢ cents
18¢ " " 12¢ " "
50 " " 37¢ " "
100 " Silks 75 " "
Call and see them.
Jan. 4, 1858.

Ladies,
DO you want pretty DRESS GOODS, at low prices? Go to Fainstuck's, and buy them. Their stock is cheaper and prettier than elsewhere. Their stock comprises DeLaines, Colored French, Merinos, Alpaca Merinos, Plaids, &c. Also a very rich looking article of Marie Antoinette for dresses. Don't forget to look at FAINSTUCK'S.

MILLS. MISS LOUISA KATE LITTLE wishes to inform the ladies of town and country, that she is now prepared to execute Millinery in all its branches, in West Middle street, a few doors below Mr. George Little's store. Work done cheaper than elsewhere in town. Please call and see. (Apr. 21, '56.)

CONFEXIONS.—A fine assortment just received, among which are Mint, Lemon, Orange, French, Cherry, &c. Also, Cordial, Wine, Gum, Licorice, Strawberry, Cream, Acid, Pineapple, Jenny Lind, and Wine Drops, besides a large supply of stick candies at WM. BOYER & SON'S.

BIRING ON YOUR FURS.—Fair prices paid in cash or trade for Fox, Raccoon, Otter, Mink, Muskrat and Beaver Skins, at Bringham & Aughlinbaugh's, sign of the BIG BOOT.
Nov. 30.

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES of all kinds, qualities, sizes and shapes, for Men, Boys, Youths and Children, at COBEAN & PATXON'S.

CHEAP DRESS GOODS.—You will find the handsomest and cheapest Ladies' Dress Goods and low Shawls in town at the GEO. ARNOLD & CO.

COOK 'STOVES'.—Four styles of Cook Stoves—the Noble Cook, Royal Cook, William Penn, and the Sea Shell—for sale at the Ware Room of SLEADS & BUEHLER.

SILVER.—A fine lot of Silver Spoons and Silver Forks, as low as city prices, now to be had at SCHICK'S. Call soon, as they sell rapidly.

TRUNKS, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c., of best quality, and low rates, at SAMSON'S.

CHEESE.—A first-rate article just received and for sale by GILLESPIE & THOMAS.

LADIES, Misses and Children's Gaiters, Boots, Buckles and Shippers, of all kinds, styles and prices, at COBEAN & PATXON'S.

A SUPERIOR article of Black Lead for blackening Stoves, for sale by SLEADS & BUEHLER.

A SLEAD of Buffalo Robes, Buffalo Hide and Cat-Skin Overalls, selling very cheap, at SAMSON'S.

GILLESPIE, Colors and Bosoms, wool and cotton Under-Shirts and Drawers, Hose, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Uniforms and Walking Coats—none to be found at so low prices. Call at SAMSON'S.

LEMONS, good and fresh, for sale at the cheap store of Borer & Son.

THE COMPILER.

A Democratic, News and Family Journal.

By H. J. STAHL.

"TRUTH IS MIGHTY, AND WILL PREVAIL."

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR.

40TH YEAR.

GETTYSBURG, PA.: MONDAY, JAN. 25, 1858.

NO. 18.

The Poet's Corner.

From the Norristown Register.

"And call this Improvement?"—See Campbell's "Lines on revisiting a Scottish river."
Let who will lament Improvement,
Come what may, I never will;
On, say I, to every movement
Of invention, art or skill,
Man's insatiate, ardent spirit
Was not made for standing still;
Not the living powers that stir it,
Must have egress—must and will!
What though dams and dykes encumber
Torrents in their foaming pride?
What though railways without number
Scam the land from side to side?
All improvements—all inventions,
Sent to enlarge the mind of man—
Who would balk their high intentions?
Who would check their glorious plan?
Who would mourn in doleful ditties,
Disent-pained, wills subdued?
Who would grieve that stately cities
Stand where trackless forests stood?
Who would say that Art, victorious,
Driveth nature from the field,
When, through Art's discoveries glorious,
More of Nature stands revealed?
Hear the Chemist's wondrous stories,
Teaching Nature's secret plans;
Mark the Lightning's startling mysteries,
Made the live and sport of man;
See the shadow's fleeting vision
Which angels impress—
Who, save God, shall pass decision
Where the grasp of man shall rest?
'Tis a false, fantastic sorrow
That would check Improvement's way,
And would sigh to send to-morrow
As far back as yesterday!
Out say I, sublime Improvement!
Out your destined course fulfill—
Out for every mighty movement
Points us to a mightier still!

The Story Book.

KATE DOUGLAS,
OR THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS IN DISGUISE.

CHAPTER I.
"She walks in beauty, like the night,
Of cloudless, crystal, and starry skies,
And all that's good and best and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."
Well might this have been said of Kate Douglas, for a more bewitching beauty was seldom if ever seen. Her eyes were of the darkest hazel, whose ever-varying expression wore the impress of her soul. Her hair of the jettest black, she wore simply parted over her forehead and tastefully arranged, displaying the finely moulded features to the best advantage.
She was a tall, splendid figure, and walked with a queenly grace. She was the last of the noble and wealthy family of the Douglasses, and the immense estates belonging to the different branches of the family were concentrated in her. At the time our history commences she was but eighteen, had just completed her extensive education, and was one of the most accomplished ladies in London.
As the sole heir of a wealthy family, she was the most brilliant star in the large circle in which she moved, and as such was courted and flattered by all. But not the ardent vows and vehement expressions of her wealthy suitors could win the heart of our fair heroine; she too well knew that the greatest attraction was her wealth, and deprived of that, she would be deprived of their attention.
Kate Douglas possessed, besides her many attractions, a heart of uncommon loveliness, and virtues of the rarest quality. Her warm and affectionate heart was disengaged with the cold formalities of a city life, and determined to seek in some retired spot, happiness which a child raised in the city knows little of, and where she would be loved for herself alone.

CHAPTER II.
But come with me, reader, to the retired village of N—, about one hundred miles from London. Just in the outskirts of the village, half hidden by the foliage which surrounds it, is a beautiful white cottage. Let us without an intrusion, take a peep within. There seated in the midst of a youthful group of happy faces, is a young lady, whose face, I think, is somewhat familiar. Yes, this is Kate Douglas; when we last saw her, she was the belle of the highest circle in London, admired and flattered by all. She carried her determination into effect, and sought happiness in training the minds of a few innocent girls, devoting her time and talents to their education.
Although in this new sphere of usefulness and natural worth, she came nearly to her idea of happiness, yet the reality was not within her grasp.
There is a great want within every human heart, which is alone to be satisfied with true love. "Love is our being's end and aim." So fearful was Kate of losing this best of Heaven's gifts, by the deception of some heartless fortune hunter, that she decided to lay aside all the advantages of fortune and affluence, and depend alone on her natural gifts and graces of character to attract and secure the affections of one who was destined to become her future husband.
Under a disguised name, attired in a simple dress, suited to her situation—which cannot, however, conceal her surpassing loveliness—she has won the hearts of all who knew her by her amiability and gentleness.
Her praises, and the recounting of her many and generous acts, is the unrelenting theme of her loving and beloved pupils.

CHAPTER III.
In a splendid mansion in London, in a richly furnished apartment, sat a brother and sister, clad in the deepest mourning. Near them lay an open book, from which the young gentleman had been reading to his sister, but pale cheeks stopped reading to cheer her lonely heart with such words of tenderness and love as can be spoken by an older brother, and to an only orphan sister. Though few were the years that had passed over the heads of these young people, yet their path through life had been one of sorrow and bereavement. Scarcely had they followed to the grave the remains of one endeared parent, when they were called to part the same sad office for the other, which left them alone in the world.
Edward Lee had all the advantage of education which England could afford. He possessed all the noble qualities which make a gentleman both in heart and mind. All the finer sensibilities had been guarded and cherished by an ever watchful and affectionate mother, and when deprived of her guidance he could not forget her kind counsels; they had made a lasting impression on his memory. This was the character of one in whose guidance was left his sister Lucy, now nine years old; and though surrounded by all that hearts could wish, with respect to wealth and luxury, he still longed for one more capable than himself of instructing her young and tender mind.
He did not wish her to be reared amidst all the temptations of a city life, as he too well knew the effect it would have upon her simple heart. He had heard of a school in the village of N—, not far distant from London, and as it was spoken of in the highest terms, he thought that it would be a suitable place for his sister, where she might have the advantage of not only pursuing her studies, but of regaining her health, which had been so weakly weakened by such trying circumstances. But, leaving them to make all necessary preparations, we will change the scene.

CHAPTER IV.
The arrival of a new scholar is always a theme of excitement, but especially would it be so in such a school as the one of which we have spoken before.
Miss Brendan, or, in other words, Miss Kate Douglas, had finished her daily routine of school duties and retired to her own room for the purpose of reading and spending a few hours alone. Her little band of girls were playing on the lawn, when their attention was attracted by a large travelling carriage which was coming up the avenue.
Miss Brendan had scarcely become interested in her book, when a bright-eyed little girl, the pet of the circle, opened the door and exclaimed:
"Oh! Miss Kate, there is a travelling carriage at the door, containing a gentleman and a little girl, both dressed in deep mourning. Oh! don't you think she is a new girl? But perhaps her mother is dead. Poor little creature! If she is, you will be a mother to her. Won't you, Miss Kate? You are so kind and good to every one."
One of Kate's sweetest smiles wreathed her face as she imparted a kiss on the glowing cheek of the little pet, and sent her down stairs, where she soon followed with her usual grace and dexterity of manners.
After the usual preliminaries, she consented to take the little Lucy as one of her pupils. Mr. Lee, charmed with Miss Brendan's manners, was satisfied that with her his sister would find a friend, and he happily situated in a little circle, and bidding her good night, he promised to call soon again.
When Mr. Lee left his sister, he thought he never saw a more bewitching face, combined with so much dignity of manners, as that presented by Miss Brendan.
She could not have been reared in this place, so far from the world. Her beauty and grace alone fit her for a higher station in life than that of a school-mistress in so secluded a spot as this, thought he to himself.
It is a pity that one fitted to grace the highest circles in society should waste her charms in such seclusion. The image of Miss Brendan could not be effaced from his memory; and even when sleep visited his pillow, her graceful form still hovered near him. But to return to Lucy. When her brother left her, a feeling of her loneliness overcame her that she could not restrain her tears. Kate, thinking it best to allow her to give full vent to her feelings, left her alone for a few moments and then returning with her usual kindness, told her not to feel lonely, as she would find a friend in her, and loving companions in her pupils. Soon became calm, and taking the hand of her teacher accompanied by the pupils, they went to see a lake near the house, where a delightful sail in the boat brought smiles to her face again; and, as if catching the infection of happiness from those around her, she soon became one of the merriest of the party, and when they returned to the house, her eyes sparkled brighter, and her cheeks wore a richer hue than they had for months.

Miss Brendan advised Lucy to rise early in the morning and take a walk, as she thought the morning air would be beneficial to her, promising to be her companion; and in compliance with her promise, she tapped lightly at the door of her little charge, and before the sun had shed its first bright rays upon the earth, they were prepared for their walk. Lucy enjoyed it very much, as everything was new to her. They had not gone far when they met Mr. Lee. Lucy was delighted to see her brother, and in compliance with Miss Brendan's polite invitation, he accompanied them to the cottage and breakfasted with them. Kate presided at the table with so much ease and cordiality, that she completely won the admiration of Mr. Lee, and he thought how happy it would make him to raise her to her true sphere in society.
Mr. Lee was fearful that the pain of separation would be too much for the feeble state of Lucy's health, and so determined to spend several weeks in the village. He became therefore a frequent visitor at the cottage, and accompanied his sister and Miss Brendan not only on their walks, but in many excursions on horseback through the blooming country, being every day more entangled in the net spread for him by Cupid. But their happiness could not stay the realities of time; and Mr. Lee began to realize that the time was fast approaching when he must return to the city, and not until then was he aware that the presence of Miss Kate was essential to his happiness.
One evening he called as usual to see his sister but finding her prevented from being down stairs from slight indisposition, he determined to take advantage of the opportunity to open his heart to Miss Kate. But as our readers are doubtless very familiar with such scenes, we will pass this over, leaving it to the imagination of the reader.
Suffice to say that Kate was happy to find one who would love her for herself alone, and she determined to let Mr. Lee remain in ignorance of her real situation in life.
Before he returned to the city it was arranged that their marriage should take place the following spring at the white cottage where they had first known each other. Kate informed her pupils that this was to be her last session, as she intended to make a change in her course of living at the end of that time.
They were all very much distressed at this intelligence; but when brought to visit them often, and saying that she intended giving a party at the cottage at the close of the term.
Little Lucy was almost beside herself when she became acquainted with Mr. Lee, and that her dear Miss Kate was soon to become her own sister.

CHAPTER V.
Winter passed away without any material change to the inhabitants of the cottage, but they all looked forward with anxious hearts to spring.
At length the close of the season drew near, and the girls anticipated the long promised party. Their relations were arriving from all parts of the country to take them home; and they, too, were to share in the festivities of the occasion.
The eventful evening came, and Miss Brendan, taking several of the largest girls in her own room, dressed them all alike in white, suited to the scenes in which they were to act as bridesmaids. She too was dressed with the greatest simplicity; but, in addition, a snowy veil fell in graceful folds over her beautiful shoulders. The girls were curious enough to know what was to be done, but Kate looked very wise and said nothing. Little Lucy could with difficulty keep the secret with which she had been entrusted, until they proceeded down stairs where they were met by Mr. Lee and several gentlemen, who had accompanied him from the city, who, taking Miss Kate, and leaving the gentlemen to select each a lady from the group of astonished girls, entered the parlor, where a minister waited to perform the ceremony, and before the amazed company half understood the joke, Miss Kate was Mrs. Lee. Again we will let the curtain fall, as it would not be very pleasant to see the parting of Kate with her scholars.

CHAPTER VI.
Come with us now to the same house in London, where we first introduced Mr. Lee and his sister.
The house of mourning is now turned into a house of rejoicing—the splendid saloons are brilliantly illuminated, and the wealth and beauty of the city are collected there. The brightest of the gay throng is Kate. Though her lovely face seemed familiar to some, yet none dreamed of her being the beautiful Kate Douglas whose presence added such charms to their society, and whose strange absence had become so unaccountable. All were anxious to know the true history of the lovely bride of Mr. Lee; and the numerous balls and soirees given in honor of her presence, added to his pride in being the possessor of so rich a jewel.
Time passed rapidly away, when one evening, in the third week of their married life, Mrs. Lee asked her husband's company in a ride to visit the Douglass park. The evening was a beautiful one, and Mr. Lee entertained his wife and the joyous little Lucy with an account of the sudden and strange desertion of the beautiful beauty of the immense estate. He had scarcely finished when they arrived at the splendid mansion and were ushered into a superbly furnished parlor, where Kate, throwing herself into a chair and laughing, as she only could laugh, said:
"And how would you like to see this same heiress, Mr. Lee?"
"Extremely, but I had not heard of her return."
"She is here to my certain knowledge," said Kate; "and making a polite courtesy to Mr. Lee, said, 'Mr. Lee, Miss Douglas, now Mrs. Lee. You have brought me to your city home, permit me now to present you mine.'"
Before Mr. Lee could reply, Kate continued,
"I have had my day of happiness as Miss Douglas and Miss Brendan, and now anticipate a happy conclusion as Mrs. Lee."

CHAPTER VII.
Early next morning, Ab Ashley was aroused from his sound slumber by one of his little sons running to his bed and calling out: "Papa, papa! papa! Get up, quick—quick! Some one's hooked all over water melons."
"What?" exclaimed Ab.
"Why—some—some—some—some hooked all over water melons, an—an—mashed 'em up!"
Ab arose cursing and swearing, vowing that he'd find some clue by which to identify the villains, and then they might look out for rough times. Ab went to the patch—what a sight presented itself! not a whole melon, not even a vine was left—left a total destruction.
"Where'd a thunder and lightning could have been last night, that I didn't hear the infernal villains? It's lucky for 'em I didn't hear 'em or some of 'em'd been dead now. What could they have done with the vines?" said he.

Select Miscellany.

Ab Ashley's Rent in Melon Meeting.
Ab Ashley, was a real live Hoosier, notorious for everything in general, and stealing melons in particular. In the whole neighborhood, for when he visited a patch, he made it a rule never to leave until it was entirely destroyed. This was a singular trait in his character—something unaccountable—for, aside from that, he was considered one of the best fellows in the world. Stealing melons, and plundering patches, seemed to be part of his nature, for it was evident that it did not arise from any niggardly disposition or selfish motives. He was a real open hearted kind of individual, always growing more melons than anybody else, and giving them away more freely than anybody else. They were no object to him, and yet he could not resist the temptation to steal from his neighbors, just for the fun of the thing. But as some one said, "It is a long lane that has no turn;" and likewise had Ab followed the practice of stealing melons all his life he would have got to be a melon thief of long standing. But such a state of things was not destined to last always. A change came over the spirit of his dream. "I recollect once, in melon season, some youngsters called at Ab's house, and after telling him of the fine patch that Deacon Aikens had, proposed to visit it. Ab was on hand without a moment's hesitancy, and so the company sat out as soon as it was fairly dark. Before proceeding further, I may say of Ab, in the language of the poet, 'He loved whiskey,' as well as he did melons, and the boys in whose company he was, having looked to the future and brought along a bountiful supply of the 'good critter,' he was soon enjoying himself hugely. Round and round went the bottle. They soon got to be very merry—so much so that apparently they paid no attention to road or path, but went right through the woods and brush, the same as if they had been walking on a barn floor. At length, after winding about in various ways, and overcoming many obstacles, such as fallen trees and worm fences, that lay in their route, they arrived at the patch and pitched over the enclosure. Ye gods what a sight! There lay the huge melons, so thick that our adventurers could scarcely walk for them. There lay great, nearly 'red cores,' apparently calling out in their own language, 'Arise, slash and eat.' They were none of your little, round, 'wizzed up,' things, such as find their way to the market stands, and which one would suppose had fallen from the vine in a fit of the 'blue devils,' but they were great, plump, jolly, good natured fellows, many of which were already bursting their red interior, having apparently, burst their sides with laughter. Ab was right in his glory, and so, hauling out his jack-knife he fell to slashing around with a vengeance. The others followed his example, and very soon there was sad havoc in the melon patch.
Having satisfied his appetite, Ab set to stamping and crushing all that came in his way.
The other boys hesitated to participate at first, urging that it was really too bad to treat the old deacon in such a manner; but Ab swore that it was really good enough for the old hypocrite, and he would not leave as long as there was a melon with a whole hide. Finding there was no stopping him, they lent a hand to the performance, and very soon every melon was destroyed; not only that, but the vines were pulled and heaped in one corner of the patch.
"Now," said Ab, mounting the pile, which was some five or six feet high, "give me the black bottle, and let me drink the old Deacon's health—that good man in honor of whom we have just erected this monument."
The bottle was passed up and Ab began:
"Deacon Aikens—may he live to plant many a patch like this, and Ab Ashley and his friends have the honor of bar-votin' it for 'em."
Hats went round three times, after which the bottle started, and made a like number of revolutions.
"Now fetch me that pole yonder, till I erect a standard, to show that the work will be completed," said Ab.
The pole was brought, and after tearing a strip off an old cotton handkerchief, and attaching it to the end of the pole, Ab stuck it up in the pile of vines, dismounted, and all started for home. In a space of time truly incredible, they arrived at Ab's residence. Ab pressed his friends to stay till morning, but they would not hear of it. Some pressing business of course prevented, and so they set out, leaving him to snore off the effects of bad whiskey.

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CHAPTER VIII.
Casting his eyes along the fence, he discovered vines nicely piled up like a small hay stack. From the top stood a pole with a strip of red floating at the end of it. Ab started towards it, but before he had proceeded many steps he stopped to think. Something seemed to be coming up in his mind. At last he muttered, "can't it all be a dream? or actually did I do it?" Waiting a little longer, he said, "No, by thunder, it's no dream! Them cussed boys has been playin' off on me. Blast their infernal whiskey, I wish they had it all in their cussed inward red hot! Mind, I tell you, I'll be even with 'em if it takes me a hundred years from now." And then came an awful volley of curses such as could never appear in print. He fairly blubbered right out with rage.
It was, indeed, true—they had been playing off on him—for after getting him a little "tight," they had brought him back to his own melon patch; and under the impression that it was deacon Aikens' he had destroyed it. It is said that Ab Ashley was never known to assist in the plunder of a melon patch after that eventful night.

The Negro Race.
Bayard Taylor, writing from Nubia, in Upper Egypt, says:
"Those friends of the African race who point to Egypt as a proof of what that race has accomplished are wholly mistaken. The only Negro features represented in Egyptian sculpture are those of slaves and captives taken in Ethiopian wars of the Pharaohs. The temples and pyramids throughout Nubia, as far as the Dardanelles and Abyssinia, all bear the hieroglyphy of monarchs, and there is no evidence in all the valley of the Nile that the Negro race ever attained a higher degree of civilization than is at present exhibited in Congo and Ashantee. I mention this, not from any feeling hostile to that race, but simply to controvert an opinion very prevalent in some parts of the United States."
Professor Trench in his latest work on the English language, points out a curious typographical error in the 10th verse of the 23 chapter of Matthew. The words "which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," the professor thinks contain a misprint, which having been passed over in the edition of 1841, has held its ground ever since. The translator intended to say, "which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," that being the correct rendering of the original, appears as in Tyndale's and Cranmer's translations, both of which have "strained out." It was the custom of the stricter Jews to strain their wine, vinegar, and other potables through linen or gauze, lest unawares they should drink down some unclean insect, as a gnat, and thus transgress the Levitical law. It was to this custom the Saviour alluded intending to say that the Scribes and Pharisees, while they strain out a gnat from their drink, would yet swallow a camel at one gulp.

How Wm. H. Seward and a Corn Shucking.—Hon. W. H. Seward, of New York, at the invitation of Hon. John S. Pondleton, paid that gentleman a visit a few days since, the object of which was to witness a regular old-fashioned Virginia "nigger" corn shucking.—Mr. Pondleton being desirous that Seward, from what he would see there, would be convinced that slavery in Calpepper was not as bad as represented by the anti-slavery men of the North. The frolic passed off very pleasantly indeed, and no one was more delighted than the New York Senator.—Warrenton Whig.

Rights of Negroes.—During the past year there have been committed in the city of New York sixty murders. As far as known, all but one of them were perpetrated by white men. Now, it is a very significant fact that there has been during the same period, but one negro! The New Yorkers evidently think there is one right, at least, of the blacks, which white men are bound to respect—"the right to be hanged."
"A Cup of Cold Water."—In one of the interior provinces of India there is said to be a man, who every morning goes to a distant trough standing by the roadside, and filling it with water, returns to his daily duties. The garrulous passing that way call and shake their thirst—he never knows when he blesses, and they never know their benefactor. He is satisfied that some weary pilgrims are refreshed by his kindness, but who they are, it matters not. They will never return to reward him personally, but his reward is the consciousness of having done a generous act.
A Fit Subject for Brigham Young.—A young man of Kookuk, Iowa, recently married a young, pretty and modest woman, with whom he lived in much happiness, till one day opening a letter addressed to his wife, he discovered that she had another husband in Ohio. Rushing home to his pretty wife, the enraged husband showed her the letter and asked explanations, when she quietly remarked that she had nothing to say, only that she had still another one residing in Pennsylvania. The victim has sued for a divorce.
Republican Government in Canada.—The Toronto Globe rejoices over the election of Mr. Papineau to the Provincial Parliament, over the Ministerial candidate. Mr. Papineau was one of the "rebels" of 1837, and goes strong for republican government.

The Case of James P. Donnelly.
The hideous atrocity recently enacted at Freehold, New Jersey, of strangling the unfortunate victim of religious bigotry and political fanaticism, is startling the public mind in every direction, like a thunder-bolt from a cloudless sky. A thrill of horror has been experienced by every individual in the community, that possesses a spark of humanity or generosity. The past annals of barbarism and injustice, replete as they are with the most frightful instances of cruelty and wrong, contain nothing more hideous and revolting than this late judicial murder in the State of New Jersey.
That James P. Donnelly was wholly innocent of the foul crime alleged against him, we fully and unhesitatingly believe. It is against all human probability that Donnelly committed the act, nor was there a particle of antislavery evidence adduced upon the trial that he did. The Know Nothing Judge, whose name ought to be forever coupled with that of Jeffries, and other pitiless men who have disgraced the judicial emment—this political judge had pronounced sentence of guilt upon poor Donnelly before he was tried. On the trial, he strained every faculty to procure a verdict of guilty. His whole course during the trial, his admission of evidence against the accused, and his rejection of evidence in his favor, and his final charge to the jury, mark him as utterly unfit for the station he holds.
The other assistant Prosecuting Attorney, besides Judge Vredenburg, the Hon. Mr. Dayton, the late Black Republican candidate for Vice-President, was exceedingly unfair and unjust towards the prisoner during the trial. Nay, more—he so far forgot all the rules even of common decency and propriety, as to go out of his way and make disparaging remarks in relation to Donnelly's father and sisters. Shame on the man who could attack defenceless women, under such distressing circumstances!
The jury, too, had evidently prejudged the case before they heard the evidence. They partook of the fanatical spirit of persecution against Donnelly, because he was of Irish extraction, and a believer in the Catholic religion. They were strongly influenced also by the partial, one-sided, and outrageously unjust charge of Judge Vredenburg.
But among all the bigoted fanatics, this unholy combination of Know Nothings and Black Republicans, Governor Newell occupies the least enviable position. After pledging himself to Donnelly's father and friends, that if his case should come before him in any way, he would not stand in the way of his being set at liberty, he violated his word of honor, because, as he said to his neighbors, it might render him unpopular. So, this Know Nothing, Black Republican Governor measures acts by their popularity, and not by their justice and propriety! No man ever sunk into insignificance and obscurity more suddenly than will this popularity-seeking Governor Newell. The blood of an innocent man stains his garments as well as the mantle of Judge Vredenburg.
The whole matter lay with Governor Newell. The Court of Pardons stood four in favor of Donnelly, to three against him, without the vote of this time-serving politician. If he had not voted, Donnelly would have been free; if he had voted in accordance with his previous pledge, the case would have been still more clearly decided. We would not exchange situations with the Judge who forced the verdict, and the Governor who violated his pledged word, for the whole State of New Jersey. A voice will whisper in their ears to the end of their lives, you have done a murder!
Who was James P. Donnelly? He was born of Irish parents, in Warren, State of New York. His father desired that he should be educated for a Catholic priest, but the son, not believing that he had a vocation for that profession, declined to enter holy orders. It was this that led to the discussion between them so often alluded to, and not because the son had Protestant proclivities. He was educated at the Catholic College at Georgetown, D. C., and was well known and highly respected in Washington City. He became a surgeon and physician by profession, and during the prevalence of the yellow fever at Norfolk, Virginia, a few years ago, he generously volunteered his professional services in behalf of the sufferers, that faithful epidemic. He always moved in good society in Washington, and was engaged to be married to the beautiful daughter of one of the most estimable citizens of that metropolis. The terrible blow has fallen with overpowering force upon her gentle heart, as it has upon his venerable father, who now lies at the point of death. His sisters are married respectably in the city of New York, and exhibited unwearied devotion to him to the last.
One of his sisters last summer, seeing by an advertisement that a book-keeper was wanted at the Sea View House, urged her brother to apply for the situation, as he was out of health. He did so—was there when the murder was committed. His friends advised him to leave after the crime was committed, as the religious prejudices there were so strong, on account of his faith; this he resolutely refused to do, as he said it would look like guilt on his part. He remained, to be murdered according to law.
Can any one in his sober senses believe for a moment, that a young man who had always led an upright and moral life, had always moved in the most respectable society, would, for the paltry sum of fifty-five dollars, commit a foul and deliberate murder? It cannot be. This fact, we do not say, will be clearly revealed and his innocence perfectly established. When that period arrives, heaven have mercy upon those who have been instrumental in shedding his blood.
Wm. Cook and J. A. Guiland escaped from jail at York, Christmas night, but were retaken next day.
Henry Kootz, a well known pro-slavery man, was recently murdered in Kansas.
Who would not be hanged, if they knew its sweets?
Troubles are like babies, they only grow bigger by nursing.
Vanity renders beauty contemptible.

The inauguration of Gov. Packer took place on Tuesday last. The concourse of people present from all parts of the State was greater than usual on such occasions, and included some twenty-five military companies. The latter were under the command of Gen. W. M. Keim, of Reading, and of course made an imposing display. When the procession arrived at the Capitol, the oath of office was administered to the Governor elect by the President of the Senate, after which he delivered the following

INAUGURAL ADDRESS:

FELLOW CITIZENS:—In my appearing before you to enter upon my duties as Governor of the Commonwealth, I consult my own inclinations in conforming to the usage which demands a popular address; and, in the first place, I gladly embrace this opportunity to return my profound and grateful thanks to the People of Pennsylvania, for honoring me with the Chief Executive office in their government. Their kindness will never be forgotten, nor will the confidence they have reposed in me ever be intentionally betrayed. Duty, as I understand it, requires that I should be considered as awaiting the next meeting of the General Assembly, to be returned with the Executive disapproval. The Executive should not be subjected for long periods of time to the solicitations of those interested in bills, nor should he be subject to the imputations of indecision or favoritism almost unavoidable in such cases. Nor is it right that he should have in his hands the means of influencing the holding or non-holding of bills upon bills during a recess would confer. Besides a great wrong would be done to those interested in legislation, by continuing them for an undue period in uncertainty as to the fate of bills in which their rights, their property or their business may be involved. These are evils which an Executive may obviate, by setting his policy firmly in the outset of his administration. It would be well, also, for the Government to adopt the action of the General Assembly, and to have the Executive consider the necessity of amending or repealing bills to the Governor in the closing days of a session.

Fellow Citizens:—Although it will not be expected that I should at this time discuss in detail the particular questions which will probably come before the Government during my term, I desire briefly to give expression to the general views of public policy to which I hold, in their application to practical issues now pending before the Government. It is a decision of the public mind, and a decision which will determine the character of the Government, and the establishment of effective barriers against future convulsions. This is a subject which will test the intelligence, the firmness, and the patriotism of the Representatives of the people in the Legislative department, and may impose grave responsibilities upon the Executive. My views are decidedly hostile to the emission and circulation of small notes as a currency, and to the establishment of a central bank under present arrangements, and to the issues of bank paper securities, inadequate for their redemption. The want of uniformity in the legal provisions under which existing banks operate, is objectionable. In the revision and amendment of our banking system, the public interests in my opinion demand the extension of the specie basis upon which issues are made; the suppression of the smaller denominations of paper currency, and the thorough reorganization of the condition and business of banks with their frequent publication; additional security, (other than specie) to consist of the bonds of this State or of the United States, for the redemption of circulating notes, including in all cases proper individual liability of stockholders and directors, fitted for convenient and actual enforcement; with a supervisory and controlling power in some proper officer or department of the Government to refrain or suspend the action of banks in case of official insolvency or evasion of the law.

When a specie currency shall be secured to the people by prohibiting the circulation of bills of a small denomination, it will be highly desirable that the fiscal affairs of the State Government shall be wholly separated from those of the banks; in other words, that the money transactions of the government, both in its collections and disbursements, shall be in the legal coin of the country. When a practicable, convenient and efficient system of currency shall be established, upon such a basis, can be presented to me by the Representatives of the people, it will meet with a cheerful approval. There are difficulties in the case, however, far greater than those surmounted by the general government, in the establishment of its independent Treasury system; but the object being one of the first magnitude, and calculated to exercise a most salutary influence upon the action of the government, and upon the interests of the people, it is well worth the effort of earnest consideration.

In reforming the currency, a single State can accomplish but a moderate amount of good, however sincere, intelligent and earnest it may be, without the co-operation of other States, and especially of those which adjoin it. Bank notes are not stopped in their flow by imaginary State lines, nor does it seem possible for a State altogether to prevent foreign notes from circulating within its borders, or to prevent the circulation of its own notes in other States. We must, therefore, invoke our sister States to join with us in the repression of small paper, and in such other particulars of reform as require for complete success their co-operation. Meantime to the extent of our power let us exert ourselves to furnish our citizens with a safe and stable currency; to prevent future financial convulsions similar to that under which the community has for so long been suffering, and to relieve the government in its position from the danger of depreciated or worthless paper, and the embarrassments arising from its prevalence upon corporations of their own creation.

The People of Pennsylvania by the recent adoption of an amendment to the Constitution on the subject of Public Indebtedness, have imposed an imperative obligation upon their servants to practice economy, to limit expenditures, and to give their best efforts to the gradual but eventual extinguishment of the existing public debt. After eight years of the most extravagant and wasteful expenditure, in 1849, we find our public indebtedness, but slightly diminished. The constitutional amendment just adopted demands the establishment of an effective sinking fund for its payment, and I shall consider it one of the leading duties of my administration to see that that amendment is carried out both in its letter and its spirit. I cannot regard the solution of our financial difficulties as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent principle, made at the last regular session of the Legislature, otherwise than as an inopportune, and doubtless existing financial embarrassments will for a time reduce the amount derived from other sources of revenue. Nor will any very large amount of it to purchase money of the main line of the public works be realized by the Treasury for a considerable period. It is, therefore, necessary to increase the revenue to husband her resources, and to increase her revenues as far as is possible, without oppression to any interest, in order to meet her current and necessary outlays, the demands of her creditors, and the positive obligation of the constitutional amendment.

There is a great lack of consistency and principle in the laws passed during some years in relation to incorporations. They have been created in a haphazard manner; are excessive in number; and many of them unnecessary to the accomplishment of any legitimate purpose. They have doubtless encouraged speculation, and in various ways contributed to the recent financial convulsion. Various and inconsistent provisions appear in acts establishing or extending the powers of public corporations, and the bodies of the same class are so numerous, and so widely diversified in their nature and objects, that they are in some confusion, and consequently taxes paid by them unequal, while some wholly exempt any share of the public burdens. In brief, our system of incorporations has become so vast, diversified and difficult of comprehension, that no responsible industry can master the whole subject, and understand precisely what are its provisions, and what are its drifts. A thorough revision of our laws on this subject, and the establishment of general, uniform, regulations for each class of corporate bodies, with the avoidance, as far as possible, of special provisions for particular corporations, are reforms imperiously demanded by the public interests in which I shall heartily co-operate. I have no hostility to express against incorporation for proper objects, and I am ready to support individual means and skill; nor generally against legislative facilities for the application of labor and capital to the creation of wealth, where individual unprompted action will not go. But no one can assert that we have limited ourselves to such a policy, nor that

But, notwithstanding all the topics of regret or criticism in our public career, (and which should bear their proper fruit in amendment and reform,) it may well be proud of this Government of ours—of her people, her institutions and her leaders. She is a young, great, prosperous and powerful; ranking among the first of the States; and her position at home and character abroad bear testimony to her merits, and promise for her a distinguished future. Besides her agricultural resources, which are great and first in importance, she is capable of producing in untold quantities those two articles of prime value to the United States, Iron and Coal. Even in times of widespread financial convulsion, when speculation and extravagance have done their worst to cripple the operations of capital, and stay the hand of labor in its useful toil, the leading interests of our State may be counted among the first to revive and to furnish a strong and reliable basis for the resumption of activity in all the channels of employment, and in all the operations of commerce and industry.

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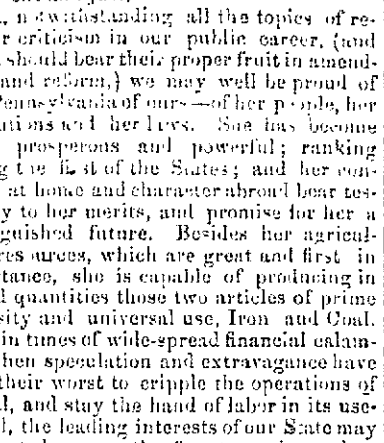
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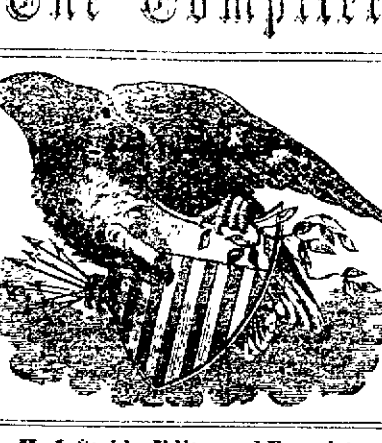
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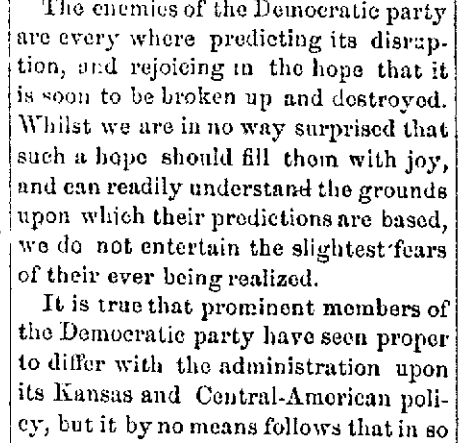
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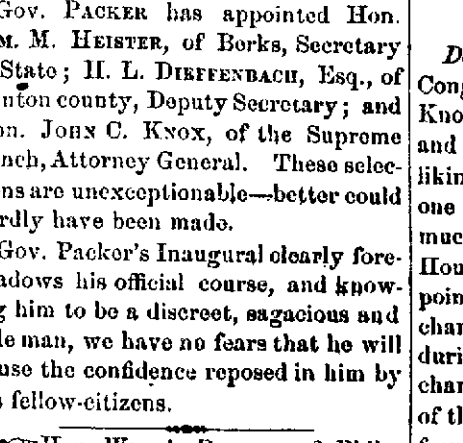
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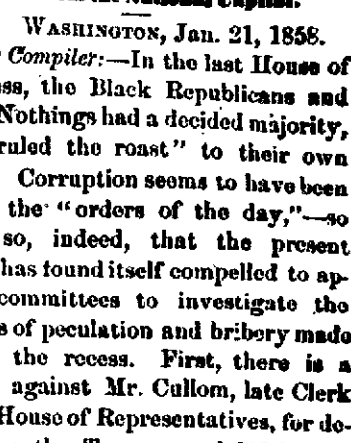
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Confession of a Murderer.—Philip Hawkins, colored, convicted of murder at the November term of the Circuit Court for Frederick county, confessed his guilt to a gentleman of that city a few days since, but the confession will not be placed before the public until after his execution, which takes place on Friday, 29th inst.

Walker Bonds.—It is stated that Gen. Walker has flooded the South with bonds of one hundred dollars each, issued in his (Walker's) name, running twenty years, payable in Nicaragua lands. These poor stock.

